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UPRIGHT, DOWNRIGHT, AND STRAIGHT-FORWARD.

It is very common to say of such a man that he is 'upright,' it is not less common to say of such another that he is 'downright,' or of a third that he is 'straight-forward.' Occasionally, the same person is said to be both upright and downright, and even straightforward, all at the same time; and we now and then hear a man called upright one day, downright another, and straightforward on the next. It would thus seem that the words are to some extent synonymous. It will be found, however, on examination, that they have a moral meaning as distinct and definable as their more obvious and physical significations. Popular usage, in fact, required three words to express three distinct varieties of character, and adopted these, all of good Saxon descent, to supply the want. Thus a downright man, although he may be an upright one, is not necessarily so, and *vice versa*; and the straightforward man may possess qualities which are not inherent to, and of necessity existing in, the character of either.

Mr Smith, for instance, is an upright man. He acts with fairness in all his dealings. He would wrong no man of a farthing. He would not injure his neighbour by word or deed. His fame is pure before the world. His word was never broken; and his promise is as good in the market as another man's bond. He holds up his head, is not ashamed to look anybody in the face, and walking erect in the dignity of conscious honesty, is called upright accordingly.

Mr Brown, again, is a downright man. He may or may not exhibit the moral rectitude of Mr Smith. He may not, strictly speaking, be an upright man; but he does not thereby forfeit his title to be classed among the downright. The phrase implies not so much a moral quality, as a manner and a peculiarity. The upright man may hold his tongue; but the downright man will speak out, loudly and boldly, without fear of the consequences. Mr Brown always allows his indignation to find vent. He speaks his mind; and if he combines both uprightness and downrightness, calls a rogue a rogue, and a lie a lie, and cares not whom he offends by so doing. A great conqueror is, with him, a great murderer; a duellist, an assassin; a fraudulent bankrupt, a robber. He condemns in plain terms what he does not approve, and never deals in innuendos, 'or hints his doubts.' Neither will he indulge in courtesies when his mind is full of bitter meanings, and call him an 'honourable gentleman' whom he imagines to be the very reverse, nor designate another as his 'noble friend' whom in his heart he considers his very ignoble enemy. He has no patience with, or toleration for, any kind of terms which tend to gloss over error. Even where no deception is attempted, he does battle on behalf of plain

speaking. When people talk of operatives, he talks of workmen; the endearing word 'wife' is not banished from his vocabulary for that of 'lady;' and 'man' is a word of dignity and significance with him, instead of being degraded to imply something the opposite of a gentleman. If a man who is not habitually downright were to say a tithe of the strong things that Mr Brown may say with impunity, he would get knocked down for his frankness; but the very audacity of the downright man takes the world by surprise, and forces it into admiration. It forgives the insolence for the sake of the courage, and the harshness for love of the sincerity. Mr Brown, moreover, has a clear head for detecting a sophism, and a knack of getting at the gist of a dispute, though it may be swathed about in redundancies and circumlocutions. He clenches an argument with homely common sense, and drives a truth into the mind of an antagonist with as much force and as little ceremony as a carpenter drives a nail into a block. He is a man, to use a very common phrase, who will 'stand no nonsense,' and would rather a thousand times be thought rude, boorish, and disagreeable (which he very generally is), than call a spade other than a spade, compromise an opinion, or abandon a prejudice that he had once defended.

In every condition of life, in the very extremity of distress and poverty, a man may be upright, and will be the better for it; but to be downright is not over-prudent in him who has his fortune to make, or any worldly advantages to expect from his fellows. If a man be rich, his downrightness is not much in his way. It may even become ornamental to him, and pass for caustic wit and interesting eccentricity. The worst that will be said of him is, that his ill-nature is extremely piquant and original. If he be poor, it will receive no such honourable appreciation, but be universally condemned as unjustifiable misanthropy. It is rather a dangerous weapon in any one's hands, but doubly dangerous in the grasp of those who have not high birth or station, or the right of rich revenues, to privilege them to wield it.

Mr Jones, the straightforward man, has the candour of the downright man without his ineivility. He uses clear and intelligible language on all occasions, but does not hold himself bound to select the harshest phrases which can be found. Integrity also belongs to his character; but, being more conspicuously marked by straightforwardness, no one thinks of speaking of his uprightness. The notable points in the straightforward man are the directness and openness with which he acts in his intercourse with the world. He takes the broad highway, and not the crooked path. His objects may partake of the usual business character of selfishness, but he does not make them worse by attempts to disguise them. No; he says, I am here a man of business,

and pursue my interests, leaving others to do so too; as they have a right to do. Thus everybody knows at once 'what he would be at,' and arrangements are made and bargains struck with half the trouble which they would cost in other hands. Sometimes this straightforwardness is felt as a little out of taste; but all are sensible of its being extremely convenient, and generally acknowledge in the long-run that Mr Jones's mode of doing business is the best. It is amusing to see a quirky or circumambient man come into dealings with Mr Jones. He is apt to be confounded by the very transparency of the other's mind. It puts him out. He could manage admirably with one who took cunning ways too, however much he might be upon his guard; but straightforwardness is a new mode of fence, and he sinks under it. It is the same way with the sophist, and the man who has a bad cause to defend by clever arguments. The arrow-flight directness of Mr Jones's common sense overthrows him at the first encounter.

Straightforwardness is not always combined with wisdom; but when it is, it becomes a masterful power. Even by itself it can hardly fail to elevate its possessor in the esteem of mankind. As a rogue is defined to be 'a fool with a circumbendibus,' so may one who has no bad designs and no circumbendibus about him be said to possess a kind of wisdom. In Don Quixote, we see straightforwardness united with hallucinations; and it is interesting to reflect how that one good quality—the good faith, simplicity, and thorough honesty of the poor hidalgo—makes him respectable amidst all his absurdities. Generally, however, the straightforward man is no fool, but one in whom all the elements are well combined, with a keen eye, a clear head, a good heart, a passionate love of truth, and an unflinching determination to pursue it.

We trust, as the world gets older, upright and straightforward men will increase amongst us, and downright men become more scarce. The first qualities are unquestionably virtues; but the last is at the best an unpleasant characteristic. Downright men do not see things quite in their true light. They are oddities in our social scene. The soft words which they deprecate, and which they never will consent to use, what are they but the result of an improved civilisation? In a ruder age, when bad actions were more frequent and of a grosser nature than now, it would have been cowardice and baseness in any who could see the evil to speak of it mildly. But now, when a tolerably equable standard of good conduct exists in all classes aiming at being called respectable, and when a vast tribunal instantly condemns any occasional aberration, softer terms are sufficient; and merely to express surprise at any little delinquency, conveys, in these days, a severer reproof than would have been borne two hundred years ago by a violent public declamation.

SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF TOURNAINE.

[The following article has been prepared at our request by an English gentleman who has lived several years in Tournaine, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the manners and customs of the people. Our object was to ascertain in what degree the popular fancies and habits of that province in central France resembled those of our own country, as detailed in Ellis's edition of Brand's *Antiquities*, and outlined three years ago in a series of papers in this Journal, entitled 'English Popular Festivals.' We trust, therefore, that the present paper will be found to possess a value beyond that arising from its power of amusing a passing hour.]

LIKE the fossils in the strata of the earth, marking the several epochs in which families of living beings have had their existence, the superstitions and customs which prevail in the rural districts and communes of Tournaine mark the various periods when the Druid, the Roman, and the Frank, were lords of the soil. Time has not worn out, nor the mingling of various races obliterated

the strong impress left by religious creeds and observances which have been long lost in the oblivion of centuries gone by, since they were the rule and guide of those who were then lords of the soil, and formed the population of ancient Gaul. The observation of the 1st of January, in nearly all the communes of the arrondissement of Loches, is evidently a Druidical ceremony. It is called *Aguillauneu*, or *Aguillonés*. All the peasants, and more particularly the younger ones, on that day go from house to house wishing their neighbours a happy New-Year, and crying for *les aguillauneu*, or *aguillonés*, upon which they generally receive some small present. In the towns, 'les étrennes' are given and received; but in the country, the *aguillauneu* has descended from the time when the Druids cut the sacred gey, or mistletoe from the oak, which was done with a golden knife, and the plant received in a white linen sheet, and distributed to the people, crying 'à guy l'an neuf,' whence the word *aguillauneu*. This plant was considered as a specific against various diseases and infirmities, as epilepsy, sterility, poisons, &c. and is still held in high estimation, more particularly when cut from the oak. There is, however, strong reason to believe that what is found as a parasite upon that tree is not the common mistletoe, but an allied plant (perhaps *Loranthus Europæus*, which is abundant on the oak in some parts of Europe, and much resembles the common mistletoe). *La Bis Bergère*, another ancient fête, is held on quinquagésima Sunday, *Le Dimanche Gras*: all the shepherds of each hamlet assemble, when the weather will permit, in the open air after vespers, each bringing with him provisions of bread, wine, bacon, and, above all, eggs, the frying of which is an essential part of the ceremony. All the domestics and young people from the neighbouring farms attend, and great part of the night is spent in songs and dances.

Le Dimanche des Brandons.—On the evening of the first Sunday in Lent, as soon as it grows dark, all the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood spread themselves over the fields sown with corn, with a flaming torch or brandon in their hands. In Berri they carry poles, on the tops of which are bundles of flaming straw; in some places the torch is made of the dried stems of the mullein, covered with tar. The object of their search is the 'nielle,' or corn cockle, which they consider as very injurious to the crop. The search continues about an hour, after which they repair to the respective farms, where a feast is prepared, one of the chief dainties of which consists of 'pancakes,' which are distributed to the young people in proportion to the quantity of nielle they have collected. This fête is considered the same as that celebrated amongst the ancients in honour of Cybele or Ceres, the first teacher of husbandry.

Christmas Eve.—On the night preceding Christmas Day, the largest log which can be found is placed on the hearth; this is called 'Le Souche de Noël' or 'Ferefeu.' The head of the family then mounts on the block, and cries three times with a loud voice, 'No, no, no, que ce jour est serio par le bon Dieu et la bonne Vierge, le ferefeu est au feu; on se mit à genoux.' They then say a paternoster and an ave, and sing carols till it is time to attend the midnight mass; but, before the family departs, food is given to the cattle, after which great care is taken that no one goes near the stable till the mass is concluded; for on this night the beasts are able to converse, and we be to him who listens to their conversation. A terrible tale of the punishment inflicted on a listener has descended from generation to generation, and is fully credited by the peasantry of the district. The master of a house, once upon a time, had great

curiosity to know what his oxen had to say, and to that purpose hid himself in the stable. As soon as midnight sounded, he heard one of the oxen say to another in a very terrible voice, 'What shall we do to-morrow?' 'Drag our master to his grave,' bellowed his companion. A horrible shudder passed through the frame of the terrified farmer, who was scarcely able to crawl to his bed, where he very soon expired, and was buried according to the prediction. This dreadful example has effectually prevented any listeners ever since. As to the fire which has been kindled, it is not so much for the purpose of warming the family when they return from church—for every one attends the mass, except the sick and aged who are confined to their beds—but during their absence the Virgin is supposed to come and warm herself, to spin, or swathe the infant Jesus. The block or 'souche de no' continues to burn during the three fêtes of Christmas, after which the ashes are collected, and pieces of charcoal suspended from the ceiling, and over the bed; the remainder is carefully preserved as a very fine thing for cows when they calve, to whom the powder is administered mingled with their drink.

Le Gâteau des Rois, or Twelfth-Night Cake.—The master of the family cuts up the cake, which is an enormous flat piece of pie-crust, and in which a bean is concealed: he then places the youngest child upon the table, addressing her by the name of 'Phoebe.' She replies by the word 'Domine,' and he then asks to which of the party such and such a morsel of the cake shall be given. The child names each guest without distinction of rank or precedence, all the domestics being present; in whosever's portion the bean is found, the holder becomes king for the night, and the revels take place after the manner of the Roman Saturnalia, to which nation the use of the words 'Phoebe' and 'Domine' evidently refers the manner of the celebration.

La Joineé.—On the eve of St John, June 24, in every village and hamlet, and in the faubourgs of every town, in the department of Indre et Loire, fires are kindled at night, which are called *La Joineé*, or *Johanné*. As soon as it grows dark, men, women, and children assemble, and the fire is kindled by the oldest or principal person, who marches at the head of the party thrice round the flaming pile, praying aloud; when the wood previously provided is nearly consumed, branches of juniper and other aromatic plants are thrown on the heap, and a thick smoke produced, when all the cattle in the neighbourhood are brought forth and driven thrice round the fire, after which the young people dance rondes, singing and shouting until midnight; and any one who rises before daybreak, and searches carefully amongst the ashes, will, it is said, find some of St John's hair. The ashes themselves are thought to possess various peculiar and marvellous properties.

Fairies.—The belief in these spirits is much the same as in other lands; they are considered as heavenly beings, dwarf in size, living in caves during the day, or in clefts of rocks, and particularly near solitary fountains, where they wash their robes very frequently: they are considered as generally well-disposed; but sometimes ride horses during the night, and tie knots in their manes to form stirrups, leaving the horse gear in great disorder. They are fond of moonlight dances, and you may easily trace the place of their assembly by the dark rings in the grass. My informants all agree that they are by no means so common as in former times; and some assure me, that they have understood that about 800 years ago the greater number of these spirits were driven from France into a very distant country, the name of which they did not know, but that they were doomed to remain in banishment 1000 years; so that in two centuries more they will return to their former haunts. In the fosse of the chateau at Loches are two pillars which supported a drawbridge, erected to facilitate the evasion of Mary of Medicis from the pursuit of Cardinal Richelieu: these are shown as the work of fairy hands, and said to have been erected in one night. One species of

fairy, called '*La Bête Havette*,' is of rather a malignant description: she lives in wells and fountains, and is very fond of children, sometimes pulling them into the water and drowning them.

La Milloraine, or Demoiselle, is a white phantom, chiefly seen in Normandy, of enormous size, appearing in lonely places, but with no distinct form or features; grows larger and larger as you approach nearer; but when you arrive at the precise spot, she vanishes over the trees, making a noise like a hurricane amongst the leaves. Another species of goblin haunts houses, and plays very troublesome and mischievous tricks, knocking at the doors, or on empty casks, moving the furniture, whispering words, heard indistinctly, sighing, groaning, and pulling off the bed-clothes, making ugly faces at the children, &c. One in particular is very obnoxious, and is called '*La Bête de St Germain*.' Apparitions of black rams vomiting flames, black cats with eyes of fire, red bulls with enormous horns, and black dogs which stand immovable where treasure lies buried, are by no means rare; but, above all, white rabbits are very dangerous at night.

Le Chasse du Chien, or St Hubert's Hunt, is frequently heard in the air at night, and consists of the barking of dogs, rattling of chains, and doleful cries, supposed to proceed from demons who are carrying away condemned souls to a place of punishment: this is also called '*Le Chasse Briquet*,' or '*Chasse à Ribaud*;' and there are very few peasants who have not heard it—proceeding, no doubt, from flocks of wild geese or other migratory birds.

Sorciers.—Tales of sorcerers are very common, and of the grand assemblies they have been seen to hold. Many of these histories probably arose from the meetings of the Huguenots and other persecuted sectaries in former times. They are now considered as a very evil race, and are said to anoint themselves with the fat of unbaptised babies before they attend their grand assemblies. Magicians differ considerably from sorcerers, and do not go to these abominable meetings; they are the masters, and not the servants of the devil. They have great power over men and animals, causing madness in the former, and various diseases in the latter; dry up cows' milk, and make horses restive and inclined to run away. They are frequently known to throw a powder into the air at fairs and markets, which drives the beasts wild, and causes a great commotion. They also stop vehicles on the highway, put out fires, make philtres, and have the power of rendering themselves invisible, or taking the forms of divers animals. Their secrets are written in a book called '*Grimoire*,' and much studied by Italians, Jews, a people called philosophers, and by a good many priests. No one is more to be feared in a canton: their power extends over the health of man and beast; any one who displeases them is attacked by a disease of which he languishes and dies: sometimes the enchantment is confined to the cattle, and the whole stock upon a farm perishes. The curés in the country, by means of their '*Grimoire*,' have great power over storms, and can, if they will, direct them away from their own parish, preserving the crops from hail and other accidents; but if they are angry, and their will is not obeyed, they are able to lay waste the whole district. Not long ago a terrible storm devastated the arrondissement of Loches, on which occasion two priests, whose names are well known in the district, were seen on the borders of a pond at Louroux; one, carrying his '*Grimoire*' in his hand, seated himself near the edge of the water, which the other beat with his staff till it arose in the form of a trumpet, and caused the hail which devastated the lands. Several persons vouched for the truth of this tale, in which they evidently fully believed.

In many of the cottages you will find two things suspended from the ceiling; namely, a plant of house-leek (*Sempervivum tectorum*), which shows, by immediately withering away, when a sorcerer enters the house; and on the arrival of a stranger, an anxious eye is often

turned to the house-leek. The other is a small loaf (*pain de Noël*), which is made and baked on Christmas night, and possesses the singular property of curing mad dogs; a morsel also taken every day is very good for the health. Small cakes made on the eve of all the grand fêtes, and baked under the ashes, have the virtue of saving the soul from purgatory, and are called 'sauve ame.' Also behind the door you will generally find a branch of box, which was blessed on Palm Sunday, and which has the property of protecting the house from lightning and from fire. Sometimes every room is thus protected; and in case of a violent storm, the master or mistress of the house has recourse to the 'buis benî,' dips it in holy water, sprinkling the room and all the parties present, after which they all kneel in prayer. Fortune-tellers and gipsies find out thieves and stolen goods, and are believed to read futurity by chiromancy and cards; a belief by no means extraordinary amongst the peasants, when we consider the large fortune accumulated by Mademoiselle Lenormand through the credulity of the highest ranks in Paris.

Hidden Treasure.—It is universally believed, that during the various civil wars and revolutions which have desolated France, vast treasures have been buried or concealed in caves and ruins. The peasantry of Touraine believe that these hoards of wealth are guarded by black dogs, which, if they come to your house, and are well-treated, will sometimes guide you to the spot where they are deposited. To obtain them, you must fast for some days, and then dig a trench about the place, so as to turn up a large mass of soil, without which precaution the devil, to whom all these treasures belong, will carry it off. Having begun your work, you must on no account desist till it is completed; and as the first living creature which raises the treasure will die within the year, you should provide yourself with an old horse of no value, who will then become the property of the devil instead of the treasure you have gained. In a valley in the forest of Loches are the remains of a house built by Charles VII., as a 'rendezvous de chasse' for himself and his court; beneath it is a cave, in which a prodigious treasure is deposited, guarded by a dragon, which I am assured any one may see if he has the courage to visit the spot at midnight quite alone, the animal then lying at the entrance of the cave, and guarding the treasure in a wicker basket. This valley is called 'Or Sous,' and the name perhaps gives rise to the tale. No one has ever ventured to test the truth of this universally-believed legend.

Charms and Amulets.—Throughout the arrondissement, and particularly in the faubourgs of Loches, if an infant is seized with convulsions, either from dentition or worms, it is said to have 'Le mal d'Exive.' Physicians are in vain; and a journey to Exive is the only remedy. This place, on the banks of the Cher, near Montrichard, possesses a holy spring, whence its ancient name Aigue Vive, or Aigue Viva. Probably its sanctity is of Druidical origin, and was afterwards preserved by an abbey of the order of St Augustin, founded on the spot; but the abbey is now in ruins, and the curé of Montrichard directs the necessary rites and observances, and receives the fees, which are not inconsiderable, and formerly were part of the revenue of the abbey. During the prevalence of any epidemic or contagious disease, a well-known preventive is to take the young shoots of a fig-tree and cut them into pieces about half an inch long; these are strung in the manner of a chaplet, and taken to a priest, who says certain prayers over them, gives them his blessing, and places them in contact with a statue of St Rock, after which the person wears them for nine days, during which prayers should be said for him, and he is safe from the disease, or speedily cured in case of an attack from it.

Many married women wear two amulets to procure them safety during childbirth, the one called a 'crapaudine,' which consists of a ring worn round the neck or on the finger, which has set in it a crapaudine, or petrified tooth of a shark; the other is a ribbon of

white silk, which has touched the veritable ceinture of the blessed Virgin, and is precisely of the same length, namely, two metres five centimetres. Upon it are printed these words—*Mesure de la veritable ceinture de la très Saint Vierge, conservée dans l'Eglise du chateau royal de Loches, à moi N..., servante de Dieu je vous salue Marie.* This ribbon is first worn by young girls when they make their first communion, and again on their wedding-day; some wear it under their garments all their lives. The girdle itself was given to the church of Loches by Geoffrey Griso Gonelle, Count of Anjou, who was living in 958, and received it as a present from a queen of France. It was originally brought from Constantinople by Lothaire.

On a death taking place in a house, the water in the bucket, any wine or liquid in the drinking vessels, is immediately thrown out, lest the soul of the departed should receive any damage by falling into them. If it is the master of the house who is dead, some one runs immediately to the bee-hives, knocks gently on each, and says, 'My little friends, be quiet; you have lost your master, but do not leave us; we will take the same care of you, and be kind to you.' They also attach a morsel of black stuff to each hive, that they may wear mourning like the rest of the family. It is also considered as a well-known fact, that if the master of the house is violent, and swears or quarrels, the bees never thrive so well as in a family which lives in concord and harmony. It is also considered very wrong to count the number of hives; and in purchasing bees, it is particularly necessary that the money be very honestly gained, or the bees will never thrive; whence it is not uncommon to say of any sum gained with considerable labour—*Ho! cet argent est bien bon pour acheter des abeilles.*

Les Coquards, or cocks' eggs.—The dwarf eggs laid by hens are believed to be produced by the cock, particularly by old cocks; and if submitted to incubation, and allowed to be hatched, they produce that very formidable animal called a basilisk, which is a species of winged dragon, whose eyes by a single glance are able to destroy the unfortunate person who comes within their influence: if, however, a man is able to fix his eye first upon the basilisk, the latter dies immediately. The same superstition prevails in Bretagne, where I was shown a well in which I was told there existed not long ago a crocodile which possessed the same destructive powers as the basilisk of Touraine, but which was at length fortunately destroyed by the powerful eye of some beholder, who was beforehand with the dreadful animal.

Les Loups Garous, or men who for some time have been excommunicated—or misers who have sold themselves to the Evil One, and are compelled to assume the shape of wolves, though an article of faith, are not supposed to exist at present in Touraine, wolves themselves being rare; but a belief in 'Brous' is nearly universal, and I was referred to those who had been witnesses of their existence.

Les Brous probably derive their name from the old Armorican 'brous,' a thicket, because these creatures are supposed to gallop all night over the forests and thickets. I received the following testimony from men who were not particularly credulous in other matters:—Joseph Guebin, a small landholder and jobber in cattle, who has no fear of ghosts or fairies, sorcerers or magicians, knows two brous, who have been in the habit of scouring the country at night; they are near neighbours of his at Ferrière Larçan. One is a mason about sixty years of age, who was long suspected of being a brou, from the circumstance of his never being at home at night; and after his day's work, of course he would not have spent his time in racing over the forest, had he not been a decided brou; which was at length clearly proved by a neighbour of the present writer, who was returning late at night from the market at Ligeuil, when he found a very beautiful sheep on the route. Thinking it had strayed from some flock in the vicinity, he took it on

his shoulders, carried it home, and locked it up in the stable with his donkey; when, next morning, on opening the stable door, the sheep had vanished, and in its place was the mason in the act of placing some straw in his sabots: of course he was a brou; and the reason was, that in his youth he had been a thief and a very wild young man. The second instance was a young man, who, having stolen some cloth, became a brou, and ran over the country at night, killing and devouring dogs, poultry, and other animals; but he afterwards confessed himself to a priest, was absolved, and never galloped again. The writer has frequently seen the remains of dogs which have been destroyed and half devoured by brous, especially their paws.

Louis Manceau, a merchant of cattle, about thirty-six years of age, and by no means *bête* in general affairs, an inhabitant of the town of Loches, and accustomed to travel over the country in his vocation, informed me that he had seen and known several brous, but that they are not so numerous as they were some few years ago, because the priests are forbidden to act as they used to do. Some fifteen years ago, if you were robbed, you went to a priest and gave him a louis-d'or, for which he read some prayers out of a book, and then placed two loaves of bread upon the altar, which, after a short time, became quite black; and if the person who had stolen the property did not restore it, he was destined to become a brou, and to gallop the country from the time the angelus sounded in the evening till it rang again in the morning. The curé of La Selle, in the commune of Ligeuil, was very celebrated for making brous, till the priests were forbidden such practices.

A young man, named Charles Robin, a small farmer, assured me that a few years ago, on going into his garden one fine moonlight night, he saw a small sheep walking slowly up one of the paths, and on attempting to lay hold of it, it bounded over a high wall, and ran off to the forest, uttering the most unearthly shouts of laughter. He called his uncle, who was in the house, and who ran into the garden, and also heard the laughing, which was quite supernatural. The uncle confirmed this statement; and, moreover, informed me that he knows a woman whose husband was suspected of being a brou, and of galloping the country at night. In order to detect him, she took a needle and thread to bed with her, and sewed his shirt to her chemise. The neighbours saw him gallop, notwithstanding something still remained in bed with the wife, either a lifeless body, or something which had taken the form of the suspected person. Sometimes this credulity has had very fatal effects. Some twelve years ago a man was shot at St Hippolyte, near Loches, by one of his neighbours, and killed upon the spot, upon suspicion of being a brou, and his family was so persecuted that they left the village, and took up their residence at Loches, where they still remain.

There are also female brous. A domestic residing in a family at Loches declares that she knows a married female with a family, in the village of Liege, who galloped in the form of a sheep also, and was found by a man passing along the road to St Quentin late at night, who took the animal on his shoulders, and soon after found the weight of his burden very much increased; and when he got near his own door, was astonished at the sheep asking in a human voice where he was carrying her. He was dreadfully alarmed, and threw down his load, which instantly became a woman, and fled away, leaping prodigiously high, and uttering loud laughter. This same informant has often heard the 'chasse à briquet,' and believes it to be caused by hunting in the air. Certainly it is not from birds; for you may distinctly hear the barking, for all the world like a common dog. She also knows that if a coquard is hatched, it will produce a basilisk; and one of her relatives lost several children by the mal d'Exive.

There are also many other superstitions existing in the department, and presages believed in, some of which are common to many other countries. For instance,

the aurora borealis is considered a sign of war and tumults. White moons in July and August are signs of evil. The sun is believed to dance three times on the horizon when he rises on St John's day. The screaming of owls forebodes death. A branch of sweet-brier suspended over the door of a house protects the inmates from fever.

Some babies, as soon as they are born, run about the house, get under the bed, and make horrible grimaces at the persons present: it is necessary to drive away such unnatural monsters with pitchforks. On no account wash your linen 'entre les deux chasses'; that is to say, on the eight days between the Fête Dieu and the day of its octave, when 'les chasses,' containing the relics of various saints, are carried from Loches to the adjoining town of Beaulieu, and from Beaulieu to Loches; if you neglect this, you are sure to wash your winding-sheet. Take care not to bake on rogation days, otherwise your bread will be bad all the year. Never spin on the Thursday or Friday in holy week, or your cows will have 'le fourchet'; that is, an ulcer between their hoofs, which lames them. If you wish for good success in rearing poultry, you should dance on the dunghill in the farmyard on Shrove Tuesday. After the corn is sown, you must abstain from eating toasted bread, or you will have a bad harvest. It is very dangerous to hear the cuckoo for the first time fasting, and invariably brings fever. The moths which fly to the candles at night are the wandering souls of the dead; take great care that they do not burn themselves. Many persons, when they take their meals, leave a small portion of meat on their plate for the Evil One. This sort of offering renders him less malicious: there is no knowing what may happen—'il est bon d'avoir des amis partout.' Crickets bring good luck to a house, and must not be disturbed. 'La chère-année,' or cockroach, is an insect of bad omen, and forebodes a bad harvest and dear bread; hence its name. The cobwebs floating in the air in August are produced by the holy Virgin, who is then spinning robes for the angels. Great care is requisite in placing a bedstead so that it be parallel with the beams of the chamber; if placed at right angles, it will cause serious evils to the person who sleeps on it. Never begin a journey on a Friday; some mischief will befall you if you neglect this precaution. If a hare crosses your path, your journey will be unfortunate. Marriages made on Friday are sure to be unlucky: Monday and Tuesday are the most propitious days. Thirteen at table a fatal number: spilling the salt, or crossing your knife and fork, to be carefully avoided. If you see a woman with her head bare in the morning, some misfortune will happen during the day. Small spiders spin small sums of money, large ones bring more considerable profit. A spark flying from the chimney presages a visit from a stranger. If, at washing-time, the chaldron be left empty, it is a sign of death in the family. A magpie scattering the horse-dung in the road, shows that a funeral will soon pass the spot. The wren is a sacred bird, in consequence of her having brought fire from heaven; in doing which she burnt her feathers, on which accident all the other birds gave her one, except the owl, who on that account is hooted whenever he is seen. If you eat an egg, be sure to crush the shell, for fear some enemy should fill it with dew, and stick it upon a white thorn; for as the sun dries up the dew, the person who has eaten the egg dries up and dies also.

Similar superstitions exist in other provinces. In Normandy, for example, they tell that a gentleman living near the embouchure of the Saire had a son who was a monk. A farmer came one day to pay his rent, and not finding the father at home, gave the money to the son, who afterwards denied the fact, and wished, if he had taken it, the devil might carry him into the sea; which took place immediately. The monk, however, was not drowned, but is often heard screaming near the shore, and has been seen in his monk's frock and cowl; indeed one man played at cards with him one fine night, and lost every sou he possessed.

At Gildo, on the coast of Bretagne, the ghosts of those who have been drowned in crossing the ferry scream dreadfully before bad weather. At the fountain of Bodilis, in Finisterre, lovers try the virtue of their mistresses by floating a pin taken from their corslet: fortunately, in that primitive district the ladies fasten their attire with sharpened pieces of wood. In the department of Loire Inferieure, an enormous phantom, called Louis Courtois, is believed to pass over the heaths at night, uttering direful cries, which cause the death of the hearers. A grain of consecrated wheat is believed, in Bretagne, to be a certain cure for sore eyes.

A LECTURE BY MR FARADAY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ALTHOUGH the dweller in the monster city—smoky, foggy London—labours under many disadvantages as to sources of recreation, when compared with the pure open-air enjoyments of the inhabitant of the country, he yet possesses many advantages to which the provincial is a stranger; and these are found in the numerous scientific institutions which London, notwithstanding her noise, bustle, and mercantile abstraction, encourages and supports. One of the first, if not the most important, is the Royal Institution of Great Britain in Albemarle Street, founded in the year 1800, 'for diffusing the knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and for teaching, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the common purposes of life.' How far this promise of the prospectus has been carried out, may be judged of by the eminent support which the institution receives, and by the numerous audiences which crowd the theatre at the weekly lectures; the privilege of hearing which, with the other advantages presented by the establishment, being secured by an annual subscription of two guineas. A reference to some of the names connected with the history of the institution will be sufficient to show the high character of the advantages offered by it. We find at the earlier period those of Count Rumford, Sir Joseph Banks, the Duke of Bridgewater, and Sir Humphry Davy, followed by the present professors Brande and Faraday, who ably sustain the distinction earned by their predecessors. The latter, as is well known, originally a bookbinder, was appointed as one of Davy's assistants in the laboratory of the institution, and now, by the force of genius, the servant succeeds the master, and ranks among the first of modern chemists.

A few weeks since, the writer of the present article had the pleasure of hearing him deliver a highly interesting lecture on the Liquefaction and Solidification of Substances usually considered Gaseous, a subject which, for a long period, has occupied the attention of scientific men, who have considered that the origin or basis of gases, the lightest known substances, would be found in solid matter, although, with few exceptions, the attempts made to solidify them have proved unsuccessful. Mr Faraday commenced his lecture by stating that he had been constantly engaged in researches on this subject for six months; and traced briefly the history of the labours of other philosophers.

The first trials were made in 1761 by John Canton, who succeeded in compressing, with the force of two or three atmospheres, the air in which a thermometer filled with water, and open at one end, was introduced. The investigations were afterwards continued by Perkins, and Oersted of Copenhagen; and still later, the French Academy awarded a prize to Messieurs Sturm and Colladon for their researches. Subsequent to these were the experiments of M. Aimé, who caused the gases to be sunk to a great depth in the sea, thinking to solidify them by the enormous pressure. But as it was impossible to see the gases while in this state of compression, and as they were exposed only to ordinary temperatures, the results could be of no value or authority. M. Cagniard-Latour, in his experiments upon ether, discovered

that, at a certain temperature, liquids are transformed into vapour without any diminution of volume; and Thilorier found that a very low temperature could be obtained by employing a bath of carbonic acid combined with ether: but an unfortunate explosion, by which several persons were killed, interrupted his researches; he, however, employed his bath only in the ordinary temperature, while Mr Faraday, as will be seen, used it *in vacuo*.

The lecturer then went on to observe, that he had investigated the subject in a strictly philosophical point of view, aiming at certain effects by philosophical induction and research, of which, as a striking example, he adduced the safety-lamp of his predecessor Davy. He then read an extract from a letter written by Professor Liebig, in which that celebrated philosopher observed, that Germany and England pursued opposite courses with regard to science; in the latter, the practical was too much thought of, while, in the former, the theoretical and philosophical were alone considered as worthy attention; but that, in his opinion, the golden mean would be the wiser course for both countries. Mr Faraday next observed, that the failure of the experiments of so many eminent chemists in the solidification of gases, arose from the attempts having been made under ordinary temperatures; but if the point of liquefaction be, as it appears to be, in the lowest degree possible with the lightest and most volatile bodies existing as gases, there would be scarcely any hope of liquefying such substances as hydrogen, oxygen, or azote at any pressure while in an ordinary temperature, or even of a temperature very much below the ordinary. These observations furnish the key to the whole of the lecturer's method of operating. He brought forward a cylindrical vessel of iron, about two feet in length and a few inches in diameter, fitted with a moveable tube, and a stop-cock at the upper end: in this carbonic acid gas was condensed in the form of water. On turning the cock, this liquid rushed out with so great a velocity through the tube into a close round box, that farther condensation was produced; and, on opening the box, the gas appeared in the beautiful form of snow. This was taken out, and the box refilled, until a sufficient quantity was obtained, when the whole was deposited in a glass jar, and preserved from evaporation by being placed within other jars, protected by numerous folds of flannel. From this store of freezing power several lumps were taken and placed in a shallow saucer, for the purpose of making the 'cold bath.' Although sufficiently cold to freeze mercury, they were taken in the hand without inconvenience, owing to the rapid evaporation which forms a stratum of gas between the solid mass and the hand. Something is yet required to produce contact without affecting the low temperature. This is effected by moistening the lumps with ether, after which it would be dangerous to touch them with the finger, as vitality would be as certainly destroyed as by the most intense heat. A small quantity of mercury was then poured into the bath, where it became immediately frozen, and was lifted out, hanging to a wire, in a perfectly solid state. This low degree of cold was, however, not yet low enough to produce the solidification of the gases, and the lecturer explained his further process by a very simple illustration: he took a kettle of water, which was brought in boiling at the commencement of the lecture, but which, for half an hour, had been standing on the floor, and poured a small quantity into a flask, when, on being placed under the exhausted receiver of the air-pump, it boiled violently, proving that the diminution of the pressure had the effect of extracting the heat from the water; a fact which was confirmed by pouring a few drops of the contents of the flask and of the kettle respectively over a piece of phosphorus: with the former, this inflammable substance was not affected, but the heat yet remaining in the latter set it immediately on fire. The same process was gone through with the carbonic acid bath. On being placed under the receiver, and the air exhausted, the ebullition was as violent as

with the warm water in the former experiment: the result was a degree of cold of which we can form but little conception, being equivalent in some instances to a hundred degrees below zero. But cold of itself is not the only agent required; there must be pressure; and it became of importance to find a material which would show the results, and at the same time, bear a pressure varying from twenty to two hundred atmospheres. Flint-glass tubes were tried, but proved to be unfit for the purpose, as they flew into atoms under a comparatively slight degree of compression: tubes of green or bottle glass were then thought of, and found to answer admirably; and such was Mr Faraday's satisfaction with the service he had obtained from them, that he dwelt at some length upon the qualities and properties of various kinds of glass. He made use of these tubes fitted with stop-cocks, and in some cases connected with small tubes of copper in such a manner, that with two condensing pumps, the gas which was the subject of experiment could be forced into them, and compressed with the requisite power, and at the same time exposed to the intense cold obtained under the receiver, where the effects of the compression could be seen. The low temperature, and the pressure together, produce effects which remain undeveloped under a single influence. To these combined powers is Mr Faraday indebted for the important results he has already obtained, as shown by the following specification:—

Olefiant gas, when condensed, appears as a beautifully transparent, colourless liquid: it is not solidified; and will dissolve oily, resinous, and bituminous bodies. Pure hydriodic acid may be obtained either in a solid or liquid state. When solid, it is very clear, colourless, and transparent, generally traversed by fissures through the whole mass, which bears great resemblance to common ice. Hydrobromic acid can also be obtained as a clear and transparent solid body, or as a limpid and colourless liquid. Fluosilicic acid has been condensed to the liquid state; but in this experiment it was found necessary to perform the operation at the very lowest temperature: the result is extremely fluid, and as easily disturbed as warm ether. No positive effect has yet been witnessed with phosphoretted hydrogen and fluoboric acid; both have, however, presented some results of solidification. Hydrochloric acid liquefies readily at a pressure of one atmosphere, but does not solidify; sulphurous acid, on the contrary, becomes immediately solid, as might be expected. Sulphuretted hydrogen appears as a white, transparent, crystalline mass, resembling congealed nitrate of ammonia or camphor. Euchlorine shows itself as a reddish orange crystal, very friable, but presenting no indications of explosive power. The protoxide of azote had been made the subject of experiment in France by M. Natterer, who obtained it in the liquid state. It now solidified in the cold bath, but evaporated rapidly, producing so low a degree of cold, that on placing the vase containing it in the bath of carbonic acid, the latter, in which mercury froze instantaneously, operated as a heated liquid, and caused the protoxide of azote to boil violently: in the solid state, it is crystalline and colourless. Cyanogen and ammonia pass into the solid state: the latter, when pure and dry, forms a substance similar to that produced from sulphuretted hydrogen. Aresniuretted hydrogen and chlorine become liquid; but have hitherto baffled all attempts to solidify them. Alcohol submitted to the pressure, presents the thick appearance of cold oil, but does not solidify: the same result is seen in caoutchine, camphine, and oil of turpentine, which all become extremely viscous. The binoxide of azote, and the oxide of carbon, offer no sign of liquefaction, even with the lowest temperature which it was possible to produce, and with a pressure of thirty to thirty-five atmospheres. Carbonic acid, in passing from the liquid to the solid state, and prevented from dispersing itself as snow, forms a beautiful substance, whose transparency is such, that for some time the operator was uncertain if the

tube were full or empty, and was obliged to melt one end in order to assure himself of the fact.

Many results have been obtained relative to the point of fusion of these various gases, and their tension under certain degrees of temperature. The gas prepared for the evening's experiment was olefiant, contained in a glass vessel connected by a tube with a condensing pump of one-inch bore; this, in turn, communicated with a smaller pump of half an inch bore, from which the gas was driven along a metallic tube to the glass tube in the receiver of the air-pump, where, after a few strokes of the pumps, it was distinctly visible, compressed in the form of liquid. The lecturer concluded, amid well-earned plaudits, by observing that he had hoped to make oxygen the subject of the experiment, but from some as yet undetected cause, it had baffled his attempts at solidification; possibly some oversight in the manipulation. He had, however, great reason to believe, from certain indications which he had met with, that his efforts would be eventually successful in solidifying not only oxygen, but azote and hydrogen. He is inclined to believe, with M. Dumas of Paris, that the latter will show itself in a metallic form. Time and experience will determine whether these views are correct—whether the lightest and most volatile of all known bodies be in its origin akin to the most dense and heavy.

Not the least charm of Mr Faraday's lectures is his agreeable manner and ready and easy utterance. He is a perfect master of his subject, and seizes on illustrative examples with happy facility; and as his experiments always succeed, his audience is not wearied with idle delays. In listening to him, the writer recognised the truth, that the best lecturers are always the simplest; they make no display of turgid or mysterious phraseology, but appeal directly to the reason and common sense of their hearers.

ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE TIMES.

In the whole range of periodical literature, there is no greater curiosity than the columns daily devoted to advertisements in the Times newspaper. From those ponderous pages the future historian will be able to glean ample and correct information relative to the social habits, wants, and peculiarities of this empire. How we travel, by land or sea—how we live, and move, and have our being—is fully set forth in the different announcements which appear in a single copy of that journal. The means of gratifying the most boundless desires, or the most fastidious taste, are placed within the knowledge of any one who chooses to consult its crowded columns. Should a man wish to make an excursion to any part of the globe between Cape Horn and the North Pole, to any port in India, to Australia, to Africa, or to China, he can, by the aid of one number of the Times, make his arrangements over his breakfast. In the first column he will find which 'A. 1. fine, fast-sailing, copper-bottomed' vessel is ready to take him to any of these distant ports. Or, should his travelling aspirations be of a less extended nature, he can inform himself of the names, size, horsepower, times of starting, and fares, of numberless steamers which ply within the limits of British seas. Whether, in short, he wishes to be conveyed five miles—from London to Greenwich—or three thousand—from Liverpool to New York—information equally conclusive is afforded him.

The head of the second, or sometimes the third column, is interesting to a more extensive range of readers—namely, to the curious; for it is generally devoted to what may be called the romance of advertising. The advertisements which appear in that place are mysterious as melodramas, and puzzling as rebuses. Some of them are worded after the following fashion:—

'To CHARLES.—Be at the pastry-cook's at the corner of S— Street, at two. Jemima is well.—Alice.'

Out of such an advertisement, a novelist of ordinary tact might construct a whole plot. 'Charles' is a lover;

the course of whose love has been crossed by some inquisitive papa or guardian; he has been forbidden the house of his adored Jemima. Correspondence by post is also impracticable; so the lovers advertise one another in the Times. Happily, the lady has a confidante, to whom is intrusted the advertising department of the affair. The above is an assignation concocted by her ingenuity, and signed with her name.

Perhaps a week after, another announcement in the same column will furnish the novelist with the catastrophe. It runs thus:—

'TO THE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS LAST SEEN at the pastry-cook's at the corner of S— Street. You are implored to return home immediately, and all will be forgiven.'

The fact is, Jemima met Charles punctually, and eloped with him from the bun-shop. Her father has relented; and as no further advertisements can be detected from the same parties, it is fair to infer that their little family differences have been made up; that Charles and Jemima are married, and are as happy as they deserve to be. Occasionally, however, we find this interesting column occupied with notices which force upon us more painful inferences. A young man has defrauded his employers, and absconded; and his parents invoke him, by the initials of his name, to disclose the amount of his defalcations. In other instances, a cowardly bankrupt has run away from his creditors, and left his wife to bear the brunt of their importunities. She implores him, through the Times, to return and help her through the difficulty.

Beneath such brief tales of mystery are usually advertised articles which have been lost or stolen. These vary in style, from the coarse and mercenary offer of 'One sovereign reward,' to the delicate hint that 'If the lady who took the ermine cloak away by mistake from the Marchioness of Crampton's rout on Thursday evening will send the same to the owner, her own camlet wrapper will be returned to her.' One of the most refined of this class actually appeared in its proper place a few months since. As a superlative appeal to the susceptible sentiments of a couple of pickpockets, it has no equal in the history of advertising:—

'If the clever artists, male and female, who combined to relieve an elderly gentleman of his letter-case and purse on Friday evening last will return the former, with the papers it contained, they will oblige. The case and papers are of no use to them.'

Succeeding the 'Lost and Stolen,' it is usual to find one or two of those heart-stirring appeals to the benevolent which—despite the efforts of the Mendicity Society—have maintained many an impostor in idleness for years together. Like Puff, in Sheridan's 'Critic,' these advertisers support themselves upon their (assumed) misfortunes, by means of the proceeds of addresses 'to the charitable and humane,' or 'to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence.' The account which Puff gives of his fictitious misfortunes so little exaggerates the advertisements which appear occasionally in the Times, that we quote it. 'I suppose,' he boasts, 'never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence by a train of unavoidable misfortunes. Then, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself! Afterwards, I was a close prisoner in the Marshalsea for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was then reduced to—oh no—then I became a widow with six helpless children. Well, at last, with bankruptcies, fires, gout, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my

conscience.' The police reports testify that pathetic advertisements, equally unfounded, find their way into the third column of the Times, despite the utmost vigilance of the clerks. Some, on the other hand, are manifestly from objects worthy both of credit and of relief. Of the latter, we select one which appeared on the 7th of February 1844, and which bears evident marks of genuineness. Addressing the sympathies of the benevolent by the borrowed aid of a popular fiction was a happy thought:—

'TO THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE, or any who have hearts like theirs. A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and address, desires to introduce the case of a gentleman, equal at least to Nickleby in birth, worthy, like him, for refinement of character, even of the best descent; like him, of spotless integrity, and powerfully beloved by friends who cannot help him, but no longer, like Nickleby, sustained by the warm buoyancy of youthful blood. The widowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles of an unsuccessful but honourable business, and has now for eighteen months been vainly seeking some stipendiary employment. To all who have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being well versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and experience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, he would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool and daily bread. Any communication addressed to the Rev. B. C. post-office, Cambridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the introduction of the party, who is now in town, and ignorant of this attempt to serve him.'

The succeeding couple of columns in the first page of the Times usually display the multifarious 'wants' which an endless variety of desiderators are anxious to get satisfied. Situations by far outnumber the other wants. A governess, a gardener, an editor, a schoolmaster, a tailor, a clerk, or a shopman, who is in want of employment, seeks it through the pages of the Times newspaper. The accomplished, intellectual, honest, moral, in short, 'unexceptionable' characters, who thus paint their own portraits, give to the fourth and fifth column of the leading journal the semblance of a catalogue of spotless worthies.

Some, again, try to gain employment by eccentric appeals. Foremost among these we place the annexed little autobiography from a person who advertised himself on the 22d of last February as

'A CHARACTER.—The noblemen and gentlemen of England are respectfully informed that the advertiser is a self-taught man—a "genius." He has travelled (chiefly on foot) through the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Italy. He has conducted a popular periodical, written a work of fiction in three vols., published a system of theology, composed a drama, studied Hamlet, been a political lecturer, a preacher, a village schoolmaster, a pawnbroker, a general shopkeeper; has been acquainted with more than one founder of a sect, and is now (he thanks Providence) in good health, spirits, and character, out of debt, and living in charity with all mankind. During the remainder of his life he thinks he would feel quite at home as secretary, amanuensis, or companion to any nobleman or gentleman who will engage a once erratic but now sedate being, whose chief delight consists in seeing and making those around him cheerful and happy. Address A. Z., at Mr P—'s, B— Street, Regent's Park.'

It would appear that the self-praise thus published sometimes requires a little help; hence, besides 'undoubted ability' and 'unexceptionable references,' a *douceur* is occasionally offered 'to any one who will procure the advertiser a respectable situation.' This 'sweetener' we have known to vary from five to five thousand pounds, 'according to the emoluments.' Despite, however, all eccentricities, deception, and other evils, there can be no question that through the advertising columns of the Times many a servant has pro-

cured a good situation, and many a master has been indebted for a valuable servant. As a specimen of the appeals, the truth of which it is difficult to doubt, we print the following. The fickleness of fortune is strongly exemplified by the fact of a gentleman of 'high rank' seeking the humblest employment:—

'IT WOULD BE A NOBLE ACT OF HUMANITY if any generous and kind-hearted individual would procure or grant EMPLOYMENT to a suffering individual, in whose behalf this appeal is made. He is of high rank, education, and manners, and in every point of view fit to fill any situation. He is without influential friends, and, from complicated frauds and misfortunes, is unable to continue the education of eight lovely children. He seeks nothing for himself, except to be so placed, giving to the hands of his kind benefactor all he receives for his children's present and future support. This will save him from a broken heart. Any situation that will enable him to effect this object will be received with heartfelt gratitude, and filled with honour, assiduity, and fidelity. Most respectable reference, &c. N.B. No pecuniary assistance can be received.'

The 'want' which usually succeeds that for situations is common at some time or other of his life to every living being. The bottom of the fifth column of the Times generally contains some half-dozen announcements that X. Y. or A. B. wants MONEY. In a modern comedy, one of the characters, with a view to borrowing, tells a rich friend 'that he is terribly in want of a thousand pounds.' The other, with a comprehensive experience of the world, replies, 'I have no doubt of it; for you may take it as a rule that every man wants a thousand pounds.'* Of this vast multitude of mankind, there are, it appears, only a few superlatively sanguine individuals who hope to obtain the required cash by advertising. 'Ample security' or usurious interest is generally the bait held forth to lenders; but we are able to produce one remarkable instance in which the advertiser expresses a wish for the loan of a bagatelle of four thousand pounds without security, and which he proposes to repay, not with interest, but with gratitude:—

'A MAN OF RANK, holding a distinguished public office, moving in the highest society, and with brilliant prospects, has been suddenly called upon to pay some thousands of pounds, owing to the default of a friend for whom he had become guarantee. As his present means are unequal to meet this demand, and he can offer no adequate security for a loan, the consequence must be ruin to himself and his family, unless some individual of wealth and munificence will step forward to avert this calamity, by applying £4000 to his rescue. For this he frankly avows that he can, in present circumstances, offer no other return than his gratitude. A personal interview, however painful, will be readily granted, in the confidence that the generosity of his benefactor will be the best guarantee for his delicate observance of secrecy. He hopes his distressing condition will protect him from the prying of heartless curiosity; and to prevent the approaches of money-lenders, he begs to repeat that he can give no security. Address to "Anxious." General Post-office, London.' This 'anxious' man of rank made known his trifling want in the Times of January 1844.

The sixth and last column of the first page of the Times is invariably devoted to equestrian and vehicular advertisements. Any gentleman who may want a clever hack, a quiet cob, a powerful horse of splendid action, warranted to ride or drive; or any tradesman requiring a team of superior young cart-horses, has only to consult his newspaper.

Over leaf, on the second page of the Times, persons in want of 'apartments' or lodgings, 'with or without board,' will find many places to choose from. Announcements of public companies which are of a more general interest come next. Amongst them sometimes

appear singular effusions, chiefly consisting of the schemes of enthusiastic patriots and headlong politicians, who invent plans for setting everything to rights in this complicated community, as fast as the horses, announced for sale in a previous column, can gallop. One, which was published about twelve months since, we have carefully preserved. It is by a political regenerator who dates from Cheapside:—

'TO THE MINISTERS OF STATE, NOBILITY, AND COMMUNITY AT LARGE.—A Remedy for the Distresses of England.—Every considerate person admits the present condition of society to be perfectly anomalous. A remedy has at length been discovered—a remedy which would effectually arrest the progress of pauperism, confer incalculable benefits upon the industrial community, and diffuse joy and gladness throughout the length and breadth of the land, making England (without exaggeration) the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world. The plan possesses the peculiar merit of being practicable, and easy of application, without in the slightest degree infringing the rights of property as by law established, or in any way disturbing the present relations of society. The advertiser will communicate his discovery either to the ministers of state, nobility, or those who may take an interest in the wellbeing of society, on condition of his receiving (if his plans are approved, and made available for the purposes contemplated) £100,000. "If the nation be saved, it is not to be saved by the ordinary operations of statesmanship."—Lord Ashley.' The modesty of the advertiser prevents him from adding in words what he evidently wishes the reader to conclude; namely, that the nation is only to be saved by E. S., of No. 142 Cheapside.

The rest of the columns of the Times usually occupied by advertisements are filled with announcements of new works, either just out, or in preparation; patent medicines, and sales by auction. One department is benevolently set aside for the insertion of short applications for places from domestic servants. These advertisements are received at a price which little more than covers the duty, and expense of composing.

Lastly come the rhetorical advertisements. These flow from the fervent pens of imaginative auctioneers, 'who'—to quote Mr Puff once more—'crowd their announcements with panegyric superlatives, each rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction-rooms; inlaying 'their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor.' The skill with which their descriptions of houses or of lands magnify excellences and conceal defects without making an entire sacrifice of truth, is on some occasions wonderful. When a mansion is dilapidated, that is described as a lucky circumstance, for, 'with a trifling outlay, the fortunate purchaser will be afforded a fine opportunity of exercising his taste in restoration, alteration, and decoration.' Sometimes the auctioneer is 'happy' to announce that a large portion of the estate now for sale is in a completely uncultivated state, so that the possessor will have a fine field for the introduction of those wonderful improvements in draining and agricultural chemistry which are now at his disposal. We must admit, however, that these wordy announcements are less frequent in the Times than in other newspapers, although the above expressions are copied from its pages. The truth is, the graces of rhetoric are not exempted from the high charges of that densely filled journal, but cost as much per line as the veriest cheesemonger's puff. Economy therefore obliges the verbose auctioneer to be sparing of adjectives, and to cut out his most exalted superlatives. It is only when the magnitude of the transaction enables him—*hæuere*—to puff off the property 'regardless of expense,' that he is able to take a high flight in a long advertisement.

We have now reviewed the various announcements which, taking the average, daily appear in the Times newspaper. By an orderly arrangement of the printer, the different kinds we have adverted to appear as nearly

* Fables of the Day, by Douglas Jerrold.

as possible in the portions of the vast sheet which we have described, so that a practised reader can tell, within a column or so, where to pitch upon the sort of announcement he may wish to peruse. No one possessed of a spice of philosophy can glance over those broad sheets, without extracting a deep meaning from the mass, and without getting a strong insight into human nature from many of the individual advertisements. Had the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans contained similar announcements, we should have learned more of their private life and habits from one of its numbers, than from all the classical works which have been handed down to us.

LUKE HUSLER.

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE, BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

THERE are many characters in whom the good predominates very much over the evil, and yet who, from the mere fact of their being unable to say 'no,' when asked to join either in the execution of wise or foolish plans, or to do that which their native genius prompts them to declare an error, have fallen from the place in which their fortune and their personal endowments had placed them, and become members of the great body of the outcast. There are two forms of this weakness. With some, it is the effect of constitutional feebleness of mind; with others, it arises solely from want of that moral courage which prompts the firm man never to deviate from the right path to please the fancies of others. 'I did not like to say no,' is a phrase with which the half of mankind, particularly young men, excuse those faults which are at the same time their own bane and that of all around them.

In a small village in a remote county of the state of New York, there lived, some short time before my visit to the republic of Texas, a young man of the name of Luke Husler. From his own confession to me at a later period, the characteristic, which I have above slightly sketched, was peculiarly his. To proceed, however, chronologically. The village to which I allude was small, and very picturesquely situated. Like every similar locality in America, it possessed a church, or rather chapel, and a schoolhouse. But though it had a considerable number of inhabitants, it did not boast—a rare circumstance in the United States—either a newspaper or a grog-shop. One reason for the absence of a local organ, was the population being divided pretty equally among English, German, and French, all speaking of course their own languages. Why the public-house existed not, was a fact which often puzzled the heads of even the oldest inhabitants. But as every one in the village had already a distinct business, and all were thriving, no one thought proper to take upon himself the responsibility of setting on foot so serious an undertaking.

Little York, as the village was called, possessed the usual variety of 'characters'; but the purpose of my narrative only demands that I should allude to a few. In the first place, Luke Husler was no mean person, either in his own opinion or in that of those around him. At three-and-twenty owner of a fancy store, where articles of both male and female clothing were to be had perfectly new at a moment's notice, and possessed of a handsome countenance and prepossessing manner, young Luke, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, chewing an unlit cigar, in the front of his store, could nod and bow to every inhabitant in Little York, and yet by no means be thought to make himself too familiar. The neatness of his store in some measure conduced to his popularity. Built of pine boards, on a raised platform of piles, one storey in height, with conical roof, the whole carefully whitewashed, with a flight of wooden steps leading to the door, it was a very model of order and cleanliness. Behind its two plain but neat counters were rows of shelves, containing the articles in

which he dealt, while at the rear of the premises was the 'snuggery,' where the owner took his meals, and which also served the purpose of a sleeping chamber. An aged female, black as Erebus, was his charwoman, with whose hired assistance everything was kept in that particular style of order which is familiarly though strangely enough known as 'apple-pie.'

'Luke Husler, Dry Store,' were the words which appeared in large letters over the door, while exactly opposite, a small private house, with white curtains, green blinds, and whitewashed boards, like the store, exhibited on a scroll in small letters the words, 'Martha Dalton, Milliner.' To this house Luke's eyes were directed oftener than to any other in the neighbourhood, which may in part be explained by its situation. But a pair of blue eyes, a fair and gentle face, and auburn ringlets, were continually to be seen near the little open window; and whether the house or the lady formed the peculiar attraction, is a matter which I leave to be decided by the acute and discerning reader. Martha Dalton was a widow; but Martha Dalton was not the object of Luke Husler's solicitude, but her daughter. An Englishwoman by birth, as was her daughter, they had lost their only male relative some years before. Their income, the interest of a few thousand dollars, being small, they had retreated to this retired locality, and, more to occupy their time, and give themselves a settled position, than from any other reason, had opened the business which I have already designated. Mary Dalton and Luke Husler, at the time I now speak of, were engaged in marriage, and a very short time was to ensue ere they were to be united for ever.

When business was over, as it is ever at a very early hour in American villages, Luke would make himself smart, and, with a regularity as great as that of the clock which guided his movements, spend his evening in company with his beloved. They were very happy; no untoward occurrence ever chequered their quiet life. With the young man, business was regular and profitable; with Mary and her mother, it was as good as they had any wish for it to be. Few American villages were so quiet and well conducted as Little York. There was just enough of sociality to give zest to existence; while there were no dissipation of any kind to tempt the sober citizens from their steady and uneventful life.

One morning in the spring of 1839, the inhabitants of Little York were surprised, on rising from their peaceful couches, to hear the loud clamour of men engaged in building. Hammers were being used at a most rapid rate by some half-dozen men, saws were heard grating, and the loud voice of one in authority directing the proceedings. A general rush took place into the streets—street I should say—and in a very short time the whole male population were congregated at the western extremity of the village. Here, at early dawn, a large frame-house had been marked out, and ere the primitive inhabitants of Little York had risen from their beds, the whole of the supporting beams had been firmly planted. Cart-loads of planks, shingle, logs, &c. were heaped up, and a dozen men busily employed in giving shape and form to the rude materials. Hard by, standing upon a heap of wood, was a small thin man, who in a shrill but very loud voice was giving his orders right and left. Despite the crowd which had collected, he paid not the slightest attention to them, continuing the rapid enunciation of his command. The Little Yorkites were thunderstricken. What could he be about? The house was manifestly of too large dimensions for a private residence. Its frame, too, divided into apartments large and small, showed it not to be a church.

After some deliberation, Luke, who was, as I have already stated, a popular man, advanced toward the little individual above mentioned, and in a very polite manner 'reckoned' he was a stranger. The little man very drily 'guessed' he was. Luke, not at all abashed, 'concluded' he was building 'a pretty considerable tall'

house; the little man had a 'notion' it was 'smart.' Luke 'calculated' it would cost a few dollars; the little man 'supposed' it would. It was evident that 'slanting,' as the Americans call it, was of no use; a point blank question could alone elicit the truth. Luke therefore at length very gravely and seriously inquired the stranger's object. 'Well, friend,' replied the other, 'I a'n't exactly availed what I'll do yet, and that's a fact. About four o'clock I reckon to have made up my mind.'

Luke withdrew at once from the contest; and the hour of breakfast approaching, the crowd rapidly dispersed. Great was the excitement in the minds of all; and so much were they moved, that even some regular down-east Yankees were heard to express an opinion between the rapid mouthfuls in which Americans usually silently indulge. The morning passed; noon came; and under the industrious hands of numerous workmen, the huge wooden house was approaching rapidly towards completion. Before four o'clock it was finished, and the white-washers were hard at work on the outside, while the 'hands' were busily engaged in unloading from a covered wagon the owner's goods and chattels, amongst which I may perhaps be allowed to include a buxom dame, who appeared to be his wife, and a pretty girl, who was without doubt his daughter. Still the mystery was unsolved, as to the view with which the house was erected. This mystery, however, was not long to continue; for the wagon being at length unloaded, the men drew from beneath a long narrow piece of wood, on which, in red letters on a white ground, were written the fatal words, 'Silas Hoit—The General Jackson Liquor Store, Nine-pin Alley.' The patriarchs groaned audibly: the peace, virtue, and happiness of Little York, they felt, had departed with the erection of what was clearly nothing more nor less than a grog-shop. The young men were silent: the thing had come upon them so unexpectedly, they knew scarcely what to make of it. The crowd dispersed, and each little group departed to discuss the occurrence over their own fireside. That evening many a sigh emanated from the bosom of wives and mothers: all felt as if a moral revolution had taken place, and the genius of riot and disorder had triumphed over peace and domestic happiness. Mary Dalton, her mother, and Luke Husler were as usual together, when the subject was brought up. Luke firmly protested against the innovation in no measured terms, the more that the cutting manners of the host still rankled within his bosom. Mary was delighted, as well as her mother, and the conversation glided into other channels.

No matter how small the number of any community, there are sure to be within its circle some one or more dissolutely-disposed members. Almost before the shelves were erected on which the liquor bottles were to be displayed, a small knot of men had congregated round the bar of the General Jackson, and on the second evening of its existence, a card table was in full play. Several, who dropped in merely to pass an hour in the Nine-pin Alley, were tempted to take a glass at the bar. One followed another, until, excited by the seducing power of the great current poison of the earth, they also stopped; and, just 'to pass the time,' games of guinea, rounce, and loo, were proposed and voted by acclamation.

Amid the general infection, which in two months spread with fatal virulence, Luke remained uncorrupted, and on no one occasion did he set his foot within the doors of the lazar-house of Little York. Mary was delighted, while every grieved father and mother whose son had been drawn into the vortex pointed him out as a model. It was Luke's habit—strolling with one's future wife not being etiquette in certain parts of America—to take a walk every evening ere he visited the Daltons. These walks always took him by the door of the General Jackson, which doubtless made the merit of his abstinence the greater. On one occasion Luke was returning from his stroll, or 'slouch,' as he was wont to call it, when, as he neared the mansion owned by Silas Hoit, two friends rushed forth from the door and saluted him. 'Come, Luke,' said one, 'we must drink a glass to your

health.' 'And welcome,' replied he, tendering a quarter dollar. 'Mr Husler,' exclaimed the pair in unison, both the worse for whisky, 'when we liquor at a friend's expense, we do so with him.' 'Come to my store then.' 'Here's the Gin'ral, a deal handier.' 'I never enter grog-shops,' replied Luke. 'Nonsense! it's all that girl. Well, I wouldn't be tied to a pair of apron strings after that fashion, nohow you can fix it.' 'Sir!' exclaimed Luke scornfully, 'you are beneath my notice, or I'd chastise your insolence;' and he walked away.

The following evening the two friends again waylaid him, this time sober, and with many apologies excused their rudeness of the previous day. Luke good-humouredly forgave them; and when they proposed to cement their reconciliation over a glass, hesitated. Their sneers about the influence of Mary Dalton over him had told—he was vexed to be publicly ridiculed for what he felt inwardly to be an influence for good. The proverb about hesitation is well known. Luke entered the General Jackson, and drank at the bar. The whole concave crowded round to be treated. Luke could not avoid drinking with all. That evening Mary Dalton spent alone. It was very late ere she retired to rest, in the faint hope of her lover at length making his appearance.

Morning found Luke in a fever both of mind and body. He was heartily ashamed of himself, while the prospect of an explanation in the evening with his fair betrothed tended nowise to tranquillise his thoughts. Stay in his store all day he could not; his ideas were too unsettled for business; and accordingly, leaving his female attendant in charge of his affairs, he stole out by the back way, and, just to pass the time until the hour for his visit to Mary came round, joined the idlers who now ever thronged the bar-room of the grog-shop. Society alone was not a sufficient distraction, and cards were resorted to. Again Mary Dalton spent her evening without seeing her lover, until, after watching past midnight, she perceived him reel home in a state of senseless intoxication. Mary sighed, and went to bed.

Before Luke was up, a message was brought him from Mrs Dalton, inquiring most kindly after his health, and gently reproaching him with his absence; she further requested his company to breakfast. He went, and was received without a word of reproach; until Mary sweetly, and with a tear in her eye, shook her head, and observed—'We thought, Luke, you were not coming to see us again.' The young man could not withstand this; but speaking with extreme volubility, confessed his error, and made a strong promise of amendment. During the progress of his speech he let fall the words—'I did not like to say no, and that is the real truth.' Both Mary and her mother started, and were silent for a moment. At length Mrs Dalton roused herself and spoke: 'Those words of yours have raised within me very sad remembrances. My husband, Luke, was a well-disposed and honest man, but he was weak—he could not say no. Drink was poison to him, but he had not the heart to refuse to join a friend in a glass. A hundred times, when ill and feverish from a slight over-indulgence, has he said, "Martha, I know I have done wrong, but I didn't like to say no." For Heaven's sake, my dear Luke, let this be a warning to you. This easy disposition in Richard Dalton made me a widow; let it not deprive me of a son-in-law.' The young man blushed deeply, and promised to exert more firmness of mind. After some further conversation he took his leave.

Luke was neither badly-disposed nor more weak-minded than usual, but he was very young, and naturally fond of excitement. It was some time, however, before he again visited the scene of temptation; but visit it again he did; until at length, drawn into a complete vortex of dissipation, the habit grew upon him, and became confirmed. For some time his dereliction from the path of rectitude was kept secret from Mary, though his altered manners and mien gave sufficient token of the company he now kept.

Six months passed, and Luke Husler was a ruined man: his business had fallen to decay, his capital was exhausted, and his credit gone. His folly burst upon Mary like a thunder-clap, and firmly, but kindly, she upbraided him with his deception, and then added—'And now, Luke, all is ended between you and me. Your poverty would be no bar to our union. With an honest, industrious, steady man, it would not cause a moment's thought, much more a regret. But your ruin has been the effect of your own folly, and I have nothing but your promise to give me hope of your future wisdom. You vow industry, frugality, and an abandonment of those evil habits and companions for which you have forfeited your own good opinion and that of your friends; but, Luke, how often have you secretly broken your word to me? Can I put faith in him who during six months has systematically deceived me? No; the man I wed I must honour and respect as well as love.'

The lover's eloquence was all in vain. They parted. Mary remained with her mother, and Luke Husler went to Texas, the last refuge of all who have failed, from misfortune or wickedness, in the United States. To Luke, misfortune was no useless monitor. He sold the wreck of his business; and when he landed in Galveston, the seaport of Texas, had in his possession one hundred dollars. He had firmly made up his mind; he had thrown off the yoke of his folly; and, despite the very natural doubts of Mary Dalton, was a new man.

Some eighty miles up the Trinity River, Luke was informed that there existed a small log-house, a little clearing, and a field of sweet potatoes, utterly deserted, the proprietor having been killed in a brawl when on a visit to Galveston: heirs there were none. Luke, delighted at so good an opportunity of settling himself, took his departure in a boat bound for up Trinity. A gun, an axe, powder and shot, were all he carried with him, save his box of clothes; and in this manner he was set ashore alone upon the banks of the river, with directions how to find the much-desired place of refuge. In the centre of a thick wood, beside a sluggish stream, and on the summit of a sloping bank, Luke found the hut. It was neat and strong, though small, with a rude bedstead, stools, a table, and, above all, a certain amount of clearing. Luke was delighted.

From that hour he applied himself most assiduously to labour: he cultivated his little field; he sowed vegetables of various kinds; he hunted, and deer-skins were piled rapidly within his little home. Luke was not alone in thus finding an uninhabited house without expense. The wars which have desolated Texas, added to Indian surprises and fevers, have rendered deserted huts far too numerous. In his case, however, the circumstance was taken advantage of with courage and ability: and at the expiration of a twelvemonth, the change which the patient, resigned industry of this solitary man had brought about was wonderful. It was then I saw him. While hunting on the Trinity, I came suddenly upon his hut. I found it neat, clean, and orderly; the potato house was piled up, a dozen pigs roamed about, while fowls were numerous, fat, and thriving. His story interested me. I saw that he intended to claim Mary Dalton still. I pressed him to do so at once; told him the Neptune steamboat was about to start for New York; offered him a passage down in my boat, and my interest for a cheap berth on board the packet. I even volunteered a joking certificate of his industry and perseverance. Luke, with a laugh—which was, however, to hide a tear—said to these propositions he really could not say 'no.'

We started for Galveston on the second evening after my arrival at his hut, and in twenty-four hours more he was on his way to New York, bearing the promised certificate from myself, in the shape of a very long and eloquent letter in his favour. For three months I heard no more of him, when I was surprised to receive a letter addressed to myself, sealed with black. Luke Husler's initials were in the corner, and the post-mark was New York. I opened it with much anxiety, for

Luke had deeply interested me. Martha Dalton was dead; while Mary, as soon as a reasonable period of mourning had elapsed, was about to become the wife of Luke; my epistle, according to his view of the matter, having done wonders with the English girl. At length they came—a happy couple, their joy clouded somewhat by the death of their almost common parent, but with youth and courage to meet the arduous life of the Texan backwoods. Luke wisely preserved the capital of his wife's income, and continued to receive the dividends, which, with his little farm, that soon was his by right of purchase, enabled himself and wife to live in peace, contentment, and happiness.

The above narrative, true in its details, is related with a double view. Had Luke possessed the power to say 'no' when temptation offered, he would not have been driven into ignominious exile; in his native land he would have been spared the dangers and difficulties of a forest life; his position would have been an assured one; while his folly, though it did not utterly ruin, threw him at least ten years behind in the race of fortune. His subsequent success further proves, that whatever may be the errors of earlier youth, it is, as the old proverb has it, 'never too late to mend.' The change of manners and life entailed by the introduction of a 'grog-shop' into a village, before without a similar resort, has occurred in more than one locality in the American Union.

'THE TRADE.'

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.—BOOKSELLING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE glimpses—slight as they are—which our former articles have afforded of the early English trade in books, allows us to resume the subject at a period when bookselling took a firm commercial stand; which it did about the beginning of the last century. This has been called the Augustan age of literature, when Dryden, Steele, Addison, Swift, Pope, with a lesser host of geniuses, flourished.

At that period the mode of selling books was widely different to that which now prevails. Readers were fewer, and the means of making known the merits of a book far more limited. The only prospect an author had of profitable remuneration for his labours was to issue his book by subscription. To obtain a sufficiently large number of subscribers, it was necessary that he should secure the patronage of some man of rank and influence; if possible, a nobleman whose opinion on literary matters was held in respect, or whose more solid influence over dependents or friends gave to his expressed wish that they should subscribe, the nature of a command. The patron who took a genius by the hand in this way made it his business to praise him in every society—at court, at balls, masquerades, parties, and in the numerous London coffee-houses where the wits of the day were wont to assemble. To assist him in this sort of canvass, his protégé provided him with a sort of prospectus of the forthcoming work, in which was set forth its scope and nature. These 'proposals' he industriously distributed along with his verbal puffs of the author's talents. When, by these means, a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained to render it a safe speculation to incur the expense of printing, the obliged author was expected to make some return to the patron for his exertions. This always consisted of a panegyrical 'dedication' conspicuously placed at the commencement of the volume. Some of these fulsome and extravagant lucubrations are sufficient evidence of the debasing influence which this system of publication must have exercised over literature. In most of them, truth was glaringly sacrificed, and notorious falsehoods promulgated, by motives manifestly interested. The nobility were the real though indirect publishers; and without their aid, to print even a good book would have been a certain loss, whilst hundreds of bad ones were foisted by this system on the world.

The author seldom went to the printer direct, but applied to the bookseller (of whom many eminent ones were in business at the time we refer to), taking with him his manuscript and his subscription list. In the eyes of the publisher, the merits or demerits of the book were of less consequence than the number of subscribers. He carefully weighed one with the other; he considered the probabilities of a chance demand for the book over and above the sale assured from subscriptions; and offered the author a certain sum to be allowed to take the whole thing off his hands. In the case of a writer of established reputation, competition occasionally occurred amongst 'the trade' for the bargain. Some of the intricacies of these transactions may be learned from Dr Johnson's account of the manner in which Pope's Homer's *Iliad* was brought out. The poet, in his 'proposals,' offered the work—in six volumes quarto—for six guineas. 'The greatness of the design,' says the elegantly verbose doctor, 'the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying at his own expense all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume. Of the quartos, it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that, by a fraud of trade, those folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers. Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand. It is unpleasant to relate that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English '*Iliad*' was printed in Holland in duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.'

Sometimes publishers employed authors to write books for small sums; and having sufficient interest to procure the services of that very necessary person, a noble patron, obtained subscriptions on their own account in the name of the author. By this proceeding large profits were sometimes realised. Indeed, despite all drawbacks arising from piracy and other causes, some of the booksellers of this period made large fortunes. The Lintots (of whom there were four in the trade), the Tonsons, Curll, Cave, and other contemporary publishers, realised large sums of money by their speculations.

While, however, the patron and subscription system of book-selling was in full operation, a small and silently-working influence was gradually gaining strength to overthrow it; and this was periodical literature. By 1709, several newspapers had been established in London; but these had little or no effect upon 'the trade,' compared with such periodicals as the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. Not many years afterwards (1731), Mr Cave conceived the idea of collecting the principal original papers from the newspapers into a monthly repo-

sitory, to which the name of magazine should be applied. Hence the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' which began in that year, and still exists, the venerable parent of a host of lighter-headed children. Its success was so great, that rivals soon started up. The '*London*,' the '*Monthly Review*,' and the '*Critical*,' were the most remarkable: these works in time changed the whole system of book-selling. They became channels of information on literary subjects, and by their aid an author's merits were made known to the public without the intervention of a titled patron. They took the patronage of men of letters out of the hands of the great and fashionable, and transferred it to the people. Literature becoming no longer a matter of mere fashion but of intellectual taste and art, booksellers began to buy manuscripts from authors at their own risk, and to address them directly to the reading public, without the aid of previous subscribers. By this change the trade was conducted on a more solid and independent basis. That a riddance of the thralldom which literature had hitherto endured was beneficial to it, is proved from the fact, that in proportion as the subscribing plan was abandoned (for it is not wholly given up even at present), so the number of published works increased. From 1700 to 1756, only about 5280 new works (exclusive of tracts and pamphlets) were issued—or about ninety-three per annum; whilst from the latter year to 1803, this average of new works increased nearly ninety-three per cent.*

From the more independent system of publishing, must be dated the footing upon which the English trade now stands. The London booksellers who were rich enough to buy manuscripts, and to get them printed on their own responsibility, formed themselves into a class, who sold wholesale, and got the title of 'publishers;' whilst those who retailed the works remained booksellers. It was during the latter part of the career of such men as Johnson, Goldsmith, Smollett, Fielding, Richardson, &c. that this division took place. The publishers—who chiefly resided in London or in Edinburgh—few in number, exhibited less rivalry than is usually seen in other trades. When an author presented himself whose great reputation warranted him in demanding a large price for his manuscript, the publishers united to purchase the copyright. Hence, one half of the title-pages of many works published at the end of the last century is occupied by a list of the publishers who took shares in the risk. By this sort of combination, an expensive book was 'pushed' amongst the connexion of each shareholder, and had a better chance of success than if undertaken by one individual.

This sort of unanimity amongst 'the trade' was very injurious to the public. It kept the price of books so high, that none but persons of fortune could afford to buy them; and the only method by which a man of moderate means could get access to them was by joining a book-club, or by borrowing from circulating libraries. But the cause of the high price of books must not be solely attributed to publishers. Paper-making and printing were at that time slow and expensive processes, and that of itself rendered books dear.

At the end of the last century, a new era dawned on the career of the book-trade. A shrewd, intelligent, but humble journeyman printer saw that the publishers of his day, by the price at which they kept their works, exclusively addressed a single class instead of the whole public. He could not, it is true—from the expense of materials—devise any plan to reduce the cost of books; but he invented a mode of issue by which they were rendered accessible to the humbler classes. As this was the earliest attempt at popular book-selling, we shall dwell a little upon it, and upon its originator.

Henry Fisher, the individual alluded to, while yet a journeyman in the employment of Mr Jonas Nuttall, the founder of the 'Caxton press' in Liverpool, conceived the happy notion, that if expensive works were supplied to poorer customers in cheap parts, and perio-

* Penny Magazine, vol. vi. p. 566.

dically till complete, a vast number of persons would become eager purchasers, who regarded books as an unattainable luxury. This plan, however, had its obstacles. The easy, almost sleepy manner in which bookselling was conducted by the metropolitan publishers and their provincial agents, forbade a hope that the regular trade would second it. When, for instance, they sold a bible, it was one transaction, which cost little trouble; but to have that bible divided into twenty parts, and disposed of by twenty instalments, of course entailed twenty times the trouble. Such an increase of business, without the prospect of an accession of profit, was not to be thought of. Again, if even the general trade had fallen in with Fisher's views, it was quite unlikely that they could have carried them out. Their customers were few, and essentially a class; the market was limited, and something was necessary to be done to extend it. Young Fisher therefore proposed to Nuttall that he should not only print standard works in cheap numbers, but sell them upon an entirely new plan. This consisted in establishing depôts in every principal town. To each of these was attached a staff of hawkers, who branched off all over the district, going from door to door, leaving prospectuses, and offering the numbers for sale. By such means books found their way into remote places, and into houses in which they were never before seen. Though only twenty years old, Fisher was intrusted with the establishment and management of the depôt at Bristol. Amongst the first books printed for sale in this manner were the Family Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Josephus, and several standard devotional works. The bible was issued in forty parts, at a shilling each. The hawker, when he made his call, displayed the first part as a temptation. If he could not succeed in securing a customer at once, he requested permission to leave it for a week, and generally found at his second visit that a decision had been come to in favour of keeping that number, and of periodically purchasing the succeeding ones. Thus, persons who could easily afford the disbursement of a shilling a-week for the gradual purchase of a book, but would have passed their lives without entertaining the thought of giving two pounds for a bible in one sum, became in time the possessors of a little but select library.

As a pecuniary speculation, this 'number system,' as it was called, succeeded beyond its projector's hopes. Fisher was employed at Bristol for three years with so much benefit to his employer and credit to himself, that Mr Nuttall recalled him to Liverpool, took him into partnership, and allowed him, besides his share of the business, £900 a-year for managing it. The plan was adopted by others, and by none without enabling them to realise large fortunes. Several old and respectable publishers in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, date their origin from their founders commencing as 'canvassers' in the employ of Nuttall and Fisher.

Singularly confirmative of Fisher's views was the fact that, after his plan had been extensively carried out for several years, it was found that it had wrought but little change on the regular trade, despite strong anticipations that so active a competition would have very much damaged it. The truth was, the market created for the 'numbers' was entirely new; the people who purchased them never did buy, and never would have bought, the expensive works of the more aristocratic branches of 'the trade,' who, despite the vast spread of books in the substrata of society, still retained their old customers at the old prices. The great metropolitan publishers went on realising large profits upon a limited amount of business as heretofore, till the invention of steam-printing caused them to bestir themselves a little more actively.

It was about this time (1825) that Archibald Constable of Edinburgh propounded to Sir Walter Scott and Mr Lockhart a plan for revolutionising the entire trade by the aid of steam and cheap printing. 'Literary genius,' he exclaimed, 'may or may not have

done its best; but printing and bookselling, as instruments for enlightening mankind, and of course for making money, are as yet in mere infancy. Yes, the trade are in their cradle.' He then shadowed forth his outline:—'A three shilling or half-crown volume every month, which must and shall sell, not by thousands, or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—ay by millions! Twelve volumes in the year, a halfpenny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were, or will be hot-pressed!—twelve volumes so good, that millions must wish to have them; and so cheap, that every butcher's callant may have them, if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a-week! * Bright, and not extravagant visions; but, alas! it was destined that others should realise them. In the following year Constable was a bankrupt. When his affairs were wound up, he commenced his Miscellany, but with crippled means and a crushed spirit, which soon after was quelled in death. By his successors, the series was managed with little success, and after a few years it was discontinued. Still, however, the plan did not sink. Murray in his 'Family Library,' Longman and Co. in their 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia' and other such series, Colburn and Bentley in their 'National Library,' carried it out for several years with more or less success; and at that time it appeared as if no books other than monthly volumes at five or six shillings would sell.

Meanwhile, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had commenced a series of sixpenny publications, embracing the principal sciences, and thus were showing the way to still further declensions in the cost of literature. It was remarked, however, that even these comparatively cheap issues were absorbed, not by the working-classes, to whom they were professedly addressed, but by the middle ranks. And thus it has ever been with books of all kinds: direct them to one class, and they hit the next above. It became necessary, in order to reach the great bulk of the people, that cheaper works still should be presented. It was with some such views that the publishers of the present work commenced it on the 4th of February 1832. Weekly sheets, composed of matter chiefly compiled, and aiming at no literary distinction, had previously been by no means rare; nor were they unsuccessful. But this, we believe, was the first attempt to furnish original literary matter of merit through such a medium. It was followed, almost immediately, by the well-known Penny Magazine, the Saturday Magazine, and other similar series, most of which attained, like the Journal, a circulation of many thousands. This mode of publication, followed as it has been by that of cheap editions of books in and out of copyright, has produced a great change in the trade. The warehouses of the great publishers are much less scenes of quiet and ease than they were; trouble is multiplied, and profit diminished, but the trade is enormously extended. The number of retailers of books, especially in suburban situations, has been vastly increased through the same cause. In short, a revolution has taken place, and if the bookseller now feels himself somewhat less safely and at ease than he used to be, he may have the satisfaction of feeling that his usefulness as a member of society has been greatly extended.

It is now time to give a short summary of the internal arrangements by which bookselling is carried on; for, unlike some other trades, it has few 'secrets.' The first step which a publisher usually takes when he has printed a new book, is to send it round to his brethren to have it 'subscribed;' that is, to learn from each house how many copies they will venture to take; and, to induce them to speculate, the copies thus subscribed for are delivered at a certain per centage less than the regular trade price. The copies thus supplied to the wholesale metropolitan houses are then distributed throughout the retail trade, both in town and country; for every provincial bookseller selects a London or Edinburgh pub-

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

lishing house as his agent, for the supply of whatever works he may order. Such books are purchased by the agent from the publisher; and when they have accumulated sufficiently to cover the expense of carriage, they are made up into a parcel, and sent to the retailer. This generally happened, up to about ten years ago, on the last day of a month, when the magazines are published; for of them alone the general demand is so great, that they form a bulky parcel for each bookseller. In 1837, one of 'the trade,' many years conversant with the great literary hive of London on 'Magazine Day,' made the following computations: The periodical works sold on the last day of the month amounted to 500,000 copies. The amount of cash expended in the purchase of these was £25,000. The parcels despatched into the country per month were 2000. These parcels, it must be remembered, not only contained magazines, but all the works ordered during the preceding part of the month.

Since then, however, the vast increase of weekly publications, the opening of railroads, the extension of steam navigation, and other causes, have in a great measure withdrawn the bulk of books from the monthly to weekly parcels, one of which every respectable provincial bookseller now regularly receives. To estimate the contents or number of these would be impossible; but we have no hesitation in saying that they more than double the above computation in all its calculations.

We learn by the abstract of occupations from the last census, that in Great Britain there are 13,355 book-sellers, publishers, and bookbinders, 5499 of whom reside in London. In Scotland, there are 2547 persons following the same trades. In Edinburgh alone, there are 786 individuals connected with 'the trade.'

MISCELLANEA.

Amusements for the Insane are commented upon in an interesting manner in Dr Browne's last report on the Crichton Institution of Dumfries. 'The great and engrossing business of the life of the insane is,' he says, 'to support sorrow, to contend with intense emotion, or to be bound and deadened by delusion or fatuity. However numerous and varied the fancies and feelings in some of these states may appear to be, the characteristic of all is sameness, monotony, insipidity. The mind dwells upon a single idea, it excludes all collateral associations, or it bends all its powers or stores into this focus; or the same train of thought returns day after day, hour after hour, attracting and converting every new impression into the main current; or it is a desert, a void, a chaos. In alleviating these conditions, mirth and recreation become endowed with higher attributes—they cease to be frivolous diversions, and assume the rank of instruments of cure. They suggest and supply new and delightful sources of reflection to the barren and inactive mind; they supplant more debased and more painful impressions; they seduce and deceive the sorrowful and dejected into temporary composure, and diffuse that tone of gentle hilarity which is so conducive to health and peace.' Dr Browne then proceeds to describe the measures resorted to in his institution for supplying this needful mental medicine and sustenance. 'Wherever it was possible,' he says, 'such entertainments were selected as seemed calculated to yield higher and purer gratification than mere mirth, such as, if failing "to point a moral," might impart some truth, recall some natural affection or sympathy, arrest attention, stimulate reflection. In strict accordance with this view, a successful attempt was made to introduce lectures upon natural science, as a mode of communicating a class of ideas totally new and unexciting, and of demonstrating by experiment and explanation the actual simplicity of many facts and phenomena and natural processes apparently as mysterious and inexplicable as the hallucinations which prevailed among the audience. Notwithstanding the incompleteness of the machinery, several evenings were most usefully and pleasantly occupied in lectures by Mr Aitken of Dumfries on the physical, and Mr Balfour on the chemical, properties of the atmosphere. Fifty-five patients attended these exhibitions. Their deportment indicated deep interest and curiosity; and although wonder was perhaps the predominating feeling, it was rather the wonder of newly-awakened intelligence than of awe or ignorance. Subsequent inquiries, discussions,

and criticisms, proved that much information had been acquired or revived, and that the principles of the pump or syphon, and the analysis of water, had neither been misconstrued nor forgotten. In situations where the splendours of chemistry may be exhibited while its truths are taught, inexhaustible means will always exist to amuse and improve the insane.

'Theatrical representation, as a mean of cure and pleasure to the insane, is not now confined to the Crichton Institution. Melo-dramas have been acted before the inmates of asylums in this country; and Tartufo has been produced by the patients in Saltpetriere with the same sort of poetical justice which suggested the selection of Redgauntlet by the company in this asylum. Three pieces were brought out during last season; of these the Mock Doctor was the favourite. It contains some ludicrous allusions to asylums and their governors; and the shouts of laughter and triumph with which the exposure of the savage practices formerly pursued in these places was received, indicated how keenly some portion of the audience understood the point and truth of the satire, and how cordially they rejoiced at the revolution which had established the gentler rule under which they then were. Eleven patients participated in some degree or other in the representation. Four of these have since left the institution; and a fifth, who is undoubtedly indebted to the exercise of memory, in acquiring his part, for a resuscitation of intellect, will soon obtain liberty. But the company will survive such losses, even the desertion of our active stage-manager. In one case only, either among the actors or the auditors, could excitement be attributed to the effects of the amusements. A plain prosaic, but perhaps vain artisan was raised to the rank of lord of the bedchamber, and although all that was required in the part was to stand still and look steadily at a particular point during a mimic pageant, the assumption of dignity, the novelty of the position, or the constraint necessary, destroyed the equanimity which had been previously established, and retarded convalescence. But this event was the consequence of injudicious selection, of a sanguine estimate of the stability of reason, not of the ordeal to which the mind was subjected, and might have followed an incautious appeal to vanity, or the liberation of the patient. After an experience of two successive years, and when about to commence a third season, and after a dispassionate examination of the effect which the stage, when well directed, is capable of exerting by the exposure and correction of follies, by the discipline, consecutive intellectual training, and the concentration imposed upon the performers, and by the gaiety and good humour excited in the spectators, this conclusion appears to be inevitable—that no human mean as yet employed has, at so little risk, and with so little trouble and expense, communicated so much rational happiness to so many of the insane at the same time, or so completely placed them in circumstances so closely allied to those of sane beings, or so calculated either to remove the burden of mental disease, or to render it more bearable. The attempt is no longer an experiment. It is a great fact in moral science, and must be accepted and acted upon.

'Parties of patients have attended all the public concerts which have taken place. They derived exquisite pleasure from these entertainments, and have rarely disturbed the pleasure of others. A lady who had not left the precincts of an asylum, or mingled in the society of the sane for twelve years, was one of Mr Wilson's auditors. She was at the same time in an intermediate state between fury and fatuity, when her mind is more clear and vivacious than during health. The immediate effect, partly of her reunion with her own species, partly of melodies to which she was familiar in other times, was deep and impassioned interest; the ultimate effect was the revival of a taste for music, which enlarges the sphere of her enjoyments, if it does not elevate their nature and tendency. The kindness of amateurs, and the opportune visits of glee singers, have enabled us to vary our ordinary routine of recreation by vocal concerts. A recent arrangement with a respectable instrumental band places a monthly musical soiree at our command; and as the choice of pieces ranges from the efforts of the first masters to simple national airs, the plan provides for all tastes, and is exceedingly popular. It would be preposterous to claim for music any special power over either the savage or insane breast; but those who have joined our festivities will be inclined to yield to it considerable influence in tranquillising agitation, in assuaging sorrow, and in subduing passion.

'These have been the staple and most novel pastimes; but others have been resorted to with equal success. The great festivities of burning the Christmas Log, Twelfth Night, Hallowe'en, have diffused the cheerfulness of these seasons, and have refreshed and revived early and healthy associations. Balls and meetings for music and dancing have been numerous, and form epochs in the calendar. Legerdemain, phantasmagoria, have been exhibited and explained, that the illusions might be attributed to their legitimate sources, and not regarded as realities. Amusement has been sought abroad when the resources in the asylum failed. Public lectures have been attended: the theatre, the circus, the menageries, the races—even the cattle-shows—have obtained patrons and admirers. Fifty-nine patients have visited these places. Excursions have been made to those spots which present objects of interest either in natural beauty, or as remains of antiquity. The addition of a new, and handsome, and commodious omnibus to the establishment, which is capable of containing fourteen or eighteen persons, divided into three parties, will render these journeys more agreeable, and accessible to a greater number. Patients have partaken of the hospitality of friends and strangers; and, which is more extraordinary, they have revisited the homes of their youth, still inhabited by their relatives, and returned to the home of their altered position with alacrity and gladness. In one or other of these amusements generally, or only upon certain occasions, have one hundred and six patients, of both sexes, joined freely, voluntarily, or by advice.'

The *Monthly Satellite*, a temperance journal published at Banff, contains the following paragraph, written in the earnestness of a most laudable enthusiasm, yet irresistibly amusing:—

SNUFF SACRIFICES.

A, had been a snuffer for thirty years—used to spend on an average fully one shilling per week, or the price of a suit of clothes per annum—has lately given it up.

B, a fifteen-year-old snuffer—has also given it up about two months ago.

C, a thirteen-year-old snuffer—has laid aside his box, and, with the price of keeping it full, takes out Chambers's Journal, and saves threepence weekly.

D, ten years—has also given it up.

Reader! if a snuffer, go thou and do likewise.

THE MOON.

Among the natives of the East, a belief in the hurtful effect of the moon's rays, especially on the head and eyes, is universal. This belief, the result of experience, ought not to be altogether slighted, even by those who think themselves wiser. It is very common to regard this as a mere superstition, and to deny the possibility of the moon's rays producing any effect of the kind. A mere theoretical opinion, however, is not to be depended on, when opposed to the result of experience and observation. It is a fact that the moonbeams in certain countries have a pernicious influence. It is known that in Bengal, for example, meat which has been exposed to the moonlight cannot be afterwards salted or cured, but will speedily go to corruption; whereas the same kind of meat, if sheltered from the moon, may be cured and preserved. Not only is this idea of the dangerous influence of the moon entertained by the semi-barbarous tribes of the East, but European shipmasters trading to the Mediterranean are firmly impressed with the same conviction; and they are cautioned against exposing themselves to the danger by their Sailing Guides, published in England. On one occasion, many years ago, I was on board a Maltese schooner commanded by an Englishman. We were off the coast of Africa; it was spring, and the weather delicious. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and I lay down to sleep near the poop, wrapped in my cloak. I was soon after awoken by a sense of suffocation, and found the cape of my cloak drawn close over my face. I removed it, and again fell asleep. The same thing occurred a second time, and again I rid myself of the encumbrance, when the captain of the vessel cautioned me against sleeping in the moonlight with my face uncovered. I laughed at what I considered his simplicity; but, to confirm his opinion, he mentioned several instances in which the neglect of this precaution had been followed by very injurious consequences, and appealed to his Sailing Guide as authority. There I found the caution very strongly urged; and blindness, and even (if I mistake not) derangement, stated as the too frequent consequence of the moonbeams being allowed to beat for any length of time on the

head and eyes during sleep. I returned to my couch on deck, but took the precaution of fastening a handkerchief over my face.—*Journal of the Rev. W. Robertson.*

WIND AND RAIN GAUGE, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

This ingenious apparatus, which the inventor, Mr Follett Osier, calls an anemometer, consists of a vertical fan or fly, such as is used in the construction of the modern mill, which keeps the pressure-plate always in a direct line with the wind. The pressure-plate acts on four springs of varied degrees of strength; a slight breeze presses only on the first and weakest spring, a stronger wind brings the second into play, and so on to the third and fourth—the whole four being more than equal to any force of wind which can be expected in this country. The pressure-plate works a rod, at the extremity of which is a pencil acting on a cylinder of tracing paper in the subscription room. As the pressure-plate is forced back by the wind, the pencil is proportionately pushed down on the cylinder, and thus the intensity of the wind is accurately self-registered. The direction of the wind is shown on the dials in the various parts of the building, by the usual system of rods and bevel wheels: it is also registered on the cylinder, by the agency of a perpetual screw working up and down the indicating pencil. A rain gauge is also attached to the anemometer. The rain that falls into the gauge descends into a receiver at the bottom of the anemometer; and this being suspended, in connexion with a delicate indicating rod and pencil, as it sinks, the rod falls; and thus the smallest quantity of rain is at once self-registered. The registration is effected on a cylinder, covered with graduated paper, which is made to turn round once in ninety-six hours. The clock-work is so constructed as to produce uniformity of motion. On this paper the vertical lines indicate time, while the pencils mark the pressure and velocity of the wind, and the amount of rain that falls. At the end of every ninety-six hours the paper is changed, and the register carefully preserved for reference.—*Athenaeum.*

WHY DO THEY DIE?

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

In the fresh glow of beauty, the first flush of light,
Should the day-dawn be swathed in the shadows of night,
And the star of the morning pass fruitless away,
And break to the fair earth its promise of day?
Ah no! Then why fade thus the loveliest flowers?
Oh why do the young and the beautiful die,
Ere they drink of the rapture of summer's sweet hours,
Ere the brow hath a cloud or the bosom a sigh?

They spring like young fountains—as pure and as free,
To freshen the earth where their pathways may be;
They lighten the cot, and they gladden the hall,
In every land beaming—the loved ones of all.
But, alas! there are gums on the night-shrouded earth,
Only lit by the stars of yon ambient sky;
The gathering cloud quenches their light at its birth,
And like those do the young and the beautiful die.

With holy love gazing through summer-lit eyes,
The free falcon-glance where no faithlessness lies,
The glad tones of laughter, the song, and the smile,
And low gentle voice that each care can beguile;
They come in the beauty of shadowless truth,
Bringing flowers to the green tree, and leaves to the bare;
They circle their brows with the bright dreams of youth,
Like the garlanded dreamers, as fleeting as fair.

Oh, could not earth foster such flowers where they grew,
With its love like the sunshine, and tears like the dew;
Oh, could not hope strengthen, nor watchfulness bind,
Nor the shadows of sorrow that brooded behind,
Detain them—the loved ones? Ah no! Day by day,
We list for some footfall in vain at the door;
Their voices of joy from some hearth pass away,
And the woodlands re-echo their laughter no more.

Be hushed! They are happy who die in their youth,
With their bosoms unstained, unpolluted their truth,
Ere they feel the rude burden of earth's many ills,
Where misery addens, and heartlessness chills.
Though, like heaven's own visions, they come and depart,
And leave not a trace to the loveliest eye,
In the faith, and the love, and the hope of the heart,
Eternally dwelling, they never can die.

—*Aberdeen Herald.*

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